

## Should I Stay or Should I Go by lenaismad

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**Summary:**

In which Steve is confused, so is Billy.

# Should I Stay or Should I Go

## Author's Note:

Based on Should I Stay or Should I Go by The Clash.

Hello there,

this idea has been stuck in my head for so damn long, and even though I have literally zero free time and my head is ready to explode from all the shit I have to do, I still decided to add to my pile and write this (I apparently have self-destructive tendencies, but who cares, right?).

As far as I know, this is supposed to be 12 days of Christmas but Eleven has a certain significance to the fandom, c'mon people. The idea is that I'm going to write a one-shot for each day leading up to Christmas, starting today December. These one-shots are going to be based on random songs.

Steve didn't really know what to do anymore. Billy was messing with his head in the worst of ways possible and Steve was exhausted. He was tired of running after him, he was tired of playing the role of a lost puppy, and he was done.

Going out with Billy was just one giant pity party of confusion and disappointment. Was it even worthy of being called 'going out'? Steve didn't think so. One moment, Billy would be pressing him against a bathroom stall door, kissing him like there was no tomorrow, the next he wouldn't even acknowledge his presence. One moment, his lips were kissing up Steve's neck, whispering sweet nothings, the next he would have a girl straddling his lap.

The thing is, he had never expected Billy to go around telling everyone he was in love with Steve Harrington. But he did expect some kind of exclusivity. Was he crazy? Was that not how things worked?

He watched Billy give out his famous smiles, the ones that had Steve weak at the knees. He watched Billy shamelessly flirt with girls whose names he didn't even know. He watched Billy stomp on his heart again and again and again, and he was done.

Steve stopped opening the door when Billy came round. Steve didn't bat an eyelash when Billy playfully bumped his shoulder in the hallways. Steve didn't pick up the phone when Billy called. And the worst thing was that Billy didn't seem bothered by Steve's desperate attempts at resistance whatsoever. And so they grew more and more distant until they got to the point where they returned to being mere acquaintances once again. Well, that was up until the moment Steve got wasted at a party and made out with Billy in the backseat of the Camaro. Billy apologized profusely and Steve missed his lips way too much to stay mad.

But then Monday came and Billy went back to being Billy, and Steve was left with his hopes crushed. But he had no more sadness left – all the tears had been drained out of him, so instead he let the long-suppressed anger boil, bubble up until his throat was tight with it, until his whole head was filled with untamable rage.

The punch was quick and hard and made his knuckles sting. Billy didn't react – he just stood there, staring. In fact, everybody stopped what they were doing and stared, but Steve only had eyes for Billy. Maybe it was the initial shock of being hit, or maybe he didn't want to hurt Steve, or maybe he didn't want to cause a scene (although it was way too late for that, and who was he kidding? Billy loved being the center of attention), whatever the case, Billy took the punch with nothing but genuine astonishment clouding his eyes.

"Fuck you," Steve said, pushing past him and walking out of the door. Most of the vehement anger had simmered out, making room for rational thoughts. And the most rational thing to do in that instance seemed to be skipping. Who needed school anyway?

If Steve took a moment to look back, he would see that Billy was right on his heels with a deep frown contorting his features and confusion rooted in his gaze.

"Wait," he called after Steve the moment the door closed behind him.

Steve's back straightened but he didn't comply. His steps gained more velocity if anything. He was mad and slightly heartbroken but he was used to having his heart ripped out by now. He went through all the stages of breaking up in a matter of minutes. Now he was mostly resigned. He just wanted to sleep.

"Steve, wait," Billy gasped, more out of breath than he cared to admit, as he caught up to him. Steve unlocked his car and got in. Billy hesitated for a second before pulling the door open. "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" Steve snapped. "Are you fucking stupid or just so full of yourself that you can't see anyone else through that conceited ass of yours?"

Billy opened and closed his mouth with no idea what to say to minimize the damage that had apparently already been done. "I-Sorry?"

"Fuck you, Billy." Steve's knuckles were turning white as he gripped the steering wheel, he could barely feel his fingertips. "What do you want from me, Billy? Should I stay or should I go? Just fucking tell me because I'm sick and tired of how you treat me like dirt. Hell, what even am I to you? Do you even give a fuck? Or am I just one of your play things to seek out when you're bored? You know what? Fuck you." Steve's mouth was like a barrel of a gun and every word hit Billy harder and harder until all the emotions were bleeding out of him.

You see, Steve wasn't the only one who was confused by the disposition of their relationship. One moment, Steve had his hands buried in Billy's hair, the next he was dreamily looking at Nancy over his shoulder. One moment, everything seemed good, and nice, and perfect, the next Steve had his back turned to Billy. And Billy had no idea what they were – he wanted to be something to Steve, of course he did, but he also longed for being adored and appreciated and loved, and he felt like Steve was way too stuck on Nancy to truly feel anything real for him. The girl could say a word and Steve would never spare Billy another glance. So Billy did everything that was in his power not to get twisted around Steve's finger. He had no idea that Steve minded, or cared at all.

"I never meant to hurt you," Billy said, fighting hard to hold together the last bits of composition he had left. "I just thought that you and Nancy... I don't know, I guess I assumed you'd get back together one day. I didn't know this meant anything to you. I thought I was nothing more than a temporary side-thing to keep you entertained while you were waiting for her to come back."

"Fuck," Steve mumbled, putting his face into his hands. He had never even considered that Billy could feel neglected or unwanted or like a nuisance. Hell, he didn't even realize his eyes sought Nancy out – they did it on their own accord, out of habit more than anything. And he couldn't even fathom the idea of something so trivial bothering Billy. "We are such horrible idiots." He brought his hands up, ran them through his hair and pulled, ruining any illusion of perfection.

Billy shook his head, his eyes stubbornly focused on his fumbling fingers. "I guess we are."

"I'm sorry," Steve said, turning his head to look at the boy in the passenger seat.

"Yeah, so am I."

"So what do we do now?" Billy looked up at that, his lips curled up at the edges and Steve let out a heavy breath. He was so pretty. Then Billy's hand was on the back of Steve's neck and they were kissing, biting, pulling. And, oh God, was it perfect.

After that, Steve never looked at Nancy again, at least not in that stupidly adoring way, and Billy never smiled at anyone but Steve.